

Richmond Times-Dispatch

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1914.

A WORTH-WHILE GIFT—You can make your friends happy every day in the year by sending them a subscription to the RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH



French Government Back in Capital

THERE is an impressive significance in the return of President Poincaré, the French Cabinet and the members of the diplomatic corps from Bordeaux to Paris. It proves the strength of the French conviction that the German onslaught has reached its crest, and from now on is certain to ebb.

Three months ago German guns were thundering within sound of the French capital. Then came the dramatic counterattack, the swift retreat of the invaders and their decisive defeat in the battle of the Marne, followed by a further retreat close to the Belgian frontier.

Now the government feels sufficiently secure to end its period of exile and return to the ancient city on the banks of the Seine. In French official circles, at least, there is no doubt that the war has been decided.

Illness of the German Emperor.

THE illness of the German Emperor will excite the sympathy even of those who hold him responsible for the tremendous conflict that now rocks Europe, and for all the blood that is being shed. Even his enemies recognize the strength of his personality, the vigor of his intellectual equipment and his intense and patriotic devotion to the interests of his country.

The seriousness of his illness remains in doubt. Yesterday a rumor that he was dead spread throughout the world and gained momentary credence.

It is conceivable that death at this time would prove merciful, far more easy for the Kaiser to face and endure than what now appears inevitable—the abandonment of the offensive in war, the disintegration under attack of his proud and gallant army and the shackling of the empire to which he has consecrated his life.

Edison, the Unconquerable

THERE is an example of dauntless optimism in the words that Thomas A. Edison spoke while he watched the destruction Wednesday night of his great plant at West Orange, N. J. The loss is estimated at between \$3,000,000 and \$5,000,000, and includes the destruction of machinery and apparatus that were unique and can be replaced with difficulty.

But this did not discourage Mr. Edison. "Although I am sixty-seven years old," he said, "I'll start all over again to-morrow. I will go right to work to reconstruct the plant."

There spoke the American spirit! At an age when most men are considering retirement from active affairs, and when many highly successful men have retired, this sturdy citizen greets disaster with a smile and rolls up his sleeves for a new bout with destiny. Even at this early stage it is safe to say that all is over but the shouting. Edison will win.

"Get Back the Land"

IF IT were not for the exciting times in which we live, it is probable that the report just submitted to Congress by the United States Commission on Industrial Relations would receive more of the attention which it deserves than is likely to be the case when so many other matters that look more important, but are in reality less so, claim notice. The report embraces testimony taken all over the country from representatives of both the employees and employers in every class of industry. The chief recommendation made is that a Federal employment bureau be established to co-ordinate and supervise all other major employment agencies, but outside of this the commission does not do much except to report the testimony, which is intended as a guide in suggesting legislation.

The commission's report does, however, lay stress on the fact that labor unrest is as widespread on the farm as it is in the factory. As a substitute for "back to the land" the commission suggests "get back the land," and it proceeds to point out that a gradual alienation of the worker from the land has taken place. This most menacing condition is attributed mainly to the uncertainty and irregularity of employment, the large hold-

ings in the hands of corporations and individuals and the "marked growth of the tenant system of farming."

This testimony only corroborates what impartial students have been telling the people for years—that the United States is traveling the same road to the same monopolization of land in a few hands as has been traversed by the great nations of Europe. In England this process of alienating the mass of the people from the soil has reached such an acute stage that within the past few years the most radical legislation—called confiscation by some—has been adopted, with apparently little hope of effecting a solution. In Germany, the Junkers, or large landowners, are charged with preventing the democratization of the empire, and so with being responsible for the present war.

Patriotic Americans are furnished with ample food for anxious thought in the report of the Industrial Relations Commission. In the South, the question of land tenure has a particularly vital importance.

Germany Vanishes From Southern Seas

GERMAN sea power vanished practically from the Southern seas with the destruction in the naval battle off the Falkland Islands, on Tuesday last, of the armored cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, the former the flagship of Admiral von Spee, and the light cruiser Leipzig. The Leipzig was of no great military importance, save as a destroyer of commerce, but the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau were powerful vessels of war, whose heavy batteries had proved quite competent to the destruction of Admiral Craddock's fleet.

The Nurnberg was sunk later in the day, and the Dresden, which also took part in the battle on Tuesday, is said to have been cornered. It, however, is of the class of the Leipzig, and even if it makes good its flight, little of Germany's naval strength on this side of the ocean will have been preserved. It cannot put up a fight against the heavier units of the British cruiser squadrons; it can only continue to harass British and allied commerce, and its capacity even to do that becomes very doubtful. It is more than likely that in a few days it will be reported destroyed, captured or interned in some neutral port.

One significant feature of this latest naval action, which it holds in common with others of the present war, cannot escape attention. That is the almost total loss of life on the vessels destroyed and sunk. In the old days, wooden men-of-war kept afloat at least long enough to permit a merciful victor to rescue the vanquished. At the worst, the vanquished took to their boats. To-day the boats go overboard when the ships are cleared for action, and the great craft themselves sink when their steel hulls are riddled.

There is rejoicing in London that British naval efficiency has been vindicated. There had been a train of disasters that the destruction of the Emden and other minor successes had not served to offset in the British mind. Now there is revived and justified confidence. Britannia still rules the waves!

American Army's True Function

SECRETARY OF WAR GARRISON'S recommendation that the army be recruited to its full war strength, which will involve the addition of about 1,000 officers and 25,000 men to the existing personnel, is in entire accord with the views expressed by President Wilson in his message to Congress. The President declared that the army and navy should be kept in a condition of preparedness and efficiency, and that condition for the army is what Secretary Garrison wants to attain.

That does not mean that the country should prepare for war, or that it would be prepared for war after the suggested enlistments had been obtained. An army of 120,000 men, distributed over continental United States, Alaska, the Isthmus of Panama, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines, would not be likely to prove a formidable antagonist to any strong military power that chose to attack this country.

The nation must still rely, as it always has relied, on a citizen soldiery. The standing army is a mere nucleus of the nation's defense. It will remain so until those ideals on which the fathers builded an American Commonwealth are surrendered to the jingo, the blusterer, the "forceful aggressor" and the international swagger and bully.

Belgian Immigration for the South

MATTERS of great importance to Virginia and the South will be considered to-morrow at Washington, where the sessions of the Immigration Conference will be held. Governor Stuart is expected to attend and to contribute to the discussion.

It is taken for granted that the wisdom and practicability of inducing the immigration to Southern States of Belgian artisans and agriculturists, especially the latter, will be treated by some of the speakers, and it is not impossible that some tentative plan for dealing with this situation will be framed.

There could be no finer illustration of constructive benevolence than the bringing of some of these unfortunate people to this country and the South, establishing them on farms and permitting them to rebuild their shattered fortunes. The subject is a difficult one, however, and requires wise handling. It would be a stupid policy to urge the immigration here of men and women untrained to cope with difficulties and survive initial disappointments, and the proposed settlers should be selected with sound discretion.

Connie Mack says he will "stick to Philadelphia," which is a Christian spirit to display, because Philadelphia, last season at any rate, showed no particular determination to stick to him. Despite the statements of the elongated manager, the rumor that he will manage the New York Highlanders will not down and may be verified by the fact.

Perhaps it's a pity that the country should pay its President \$75,000 a year when so many newspaper paragraphers would take the job for considerably less.

It will be hoped that the anti-administration Congressmen will not try to prove that their consciences are made up exclusively of calamity-howlers.

Gold coins are disappearing from California. They can't blame that on Governor Hiram Johnson. It is silence—that is golden.

The only class of European exports which shows an increase is that which sends men from life to death.

It should not be forgotten that the Army and Navy were inherited from the Republicans.

As Christmas gifts, cannon balls are all the rage this year among European royalties.

SONGS AND SAWS

Need at Your Door.
You've aided Belgium; why not now
The men who live by sweat and brow,
But find no work to do?
You see them at your very door;
The aged, the weak, the ill and poor
Reach out their arms to you.

They are war victims, quite as well
As those whose homes, "neath shot and shell,
Fell in a war-swept land;
Far from the scene of blood and hate,
Of fair lands wrecked and a desolate,
They feel war's crushing hand.

They have not fought, no glory theirs,
But just the agony and tears
That mark the loser's lot.
Think well, search deep your hearts, then say
If these, your own, in need to-day,
By you shall be forgot!

The Penitent's Prayer

There isn't a bit of use in according to the request of naval officers for the construction this year of eight battleships. That may sound like a modest request—from a naval officer—but next year they will want to build eighty.

Hedging.

He—Are you still determined to reduce the number of your Christmas presents?
She—Yes, but I have modified my plan a little. I have decided now that I shall give to none save those I am sure are going to send something worth while to me.

Too Much for Him.

Visitor (at insane asylum)—What's the matter with the man over in the corner, who stands first on his feet and then on his head and labbers all the time?
Guard—He's a victim of the war scare. He tried to reconcile the jingo arguments he read in the newspapers and make them agree with one another. When he saw that they didn't, he thinks of Germany and Austria, and when he stands on his head, of England and Japan.

In Extremis.

Grubbs—I hear that financially our old friend, Hardluck, is on his last legs.
Stubbs—Worse than that. He is on the last pair of crutches the banks are willing to lend him.

Keeps Her Word.

The maid who swears she would not wed
The best man on this earth to-day,
Quite usually makes good her threat
And picks a piece of common clay.

THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

"The Storm King is also at the front," is the way the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch comments upon his heavy reign in that city the past week.

"Surgeons Build New Faces," reads headline; and it must be admitted that the average face could not be made the worse looking by being built anew," says the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. The situation is not so bad as it looks, however. The faces within that writer's range of vision are made in Norfolk.

Says the Danville Bee: "Having the blues used to be regarded chiefly as a feminine habit, but there are many men who will confess to spells of despondency and a morbid, unusual view of things generally." The fellow with plenty of red corpuscles can't have the blues.

Cheerful George Green, of the Clifton Forge Review, has discovered another opportunity for singing the praises of that man's town. He says: "Clifton Forge is unique in that there is no town or city in the United States bearing the same name; whereas, when the name of Clifton Forge is mentioned, everybody knows without the asking that it is in Virginia. Not so with Covington, Richmond, Lexington, Portsmouth, Danville and numerous other places." Clifton Forge is not unique in having an editor who believes in boosting his town to the limit, but it is conspicuously fortunate.

Editor Opie, of the Staunton Leader, admits that he is eagerly waiting for an explanation from Champ Clark. He says: "Many persons will be surprised to learn that Champ Clark, Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, has been charged with appearing on a platform to lecture in Detroit while drunk." Perhaps Champ knows Detroit audiences better than Editor Opie. Not every orator would voluntarily appear before a Detroit crowd sober.

"There are several alleged governments in Mexico, but Enriquieta, Zapotlan and Gutierrez hold the capital," the Bristol Herald-Courier observes. Some American investors, who have paid Presidents of Mexico for concessions, are well aware of the capacity of those fellows for holding capital.

Says the paragrapher of the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch: "Some family trees are not much more than a gooseberry bush." Others better developed could stand a great deal of pruning.

Current Editorial Comment

Whitman Pres His Bravery.
Since Paris, the second son of Priam, dreamed of by Hebe as a firebrand, met Hera and Athena and Aphrodite face to face, and balancing their offerings, awarded the golden apple of discord to the Goddess of Beauty, no male person has ever been put in so embarrassing a position as Charles S. Whitman accepted when he invited the suffragists and the anti-suffragists to his home and let them talk it out with him; finally announcing that he would not stand in the way of suffrage. Mr. Whitman is recognized by all the policemen and all the gunmen of New York City as a brave man. He proved it yesterday. The mouth of a cannon, as we believe the late Miles Standish once remarked, is as nothing, compared with the mouth of one woman. The fellow who can face fifty at once, divided into two hostile groups and seeking to drag him apart, to disintegrate him, is indeed courageous. The Judgment of Paris, A. D. 1914, has been rendered. We anticipate none of the old Trojan horrors, though more than one anti is ready to take the role of Cassandra. The Celestial minds of to-day, so much wiser than missing. Whitman will not have to call in the Albany Fire Department. But that he will escape some minor annoyance, is not to be hoped. They are the penalties of fearlessness in politics.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Women in Norway.
Please give the date of the first woman's suffrage in Norway. P. L. R.
June 14, 1907.

Joachim.
Is the great violinist, Joachim, still living?
No. MRS. S. C. S.

Washington in Richmond.
Is it positive that General Washington was ever in Richmond?
Certainly. R. E. GREEN.

Laburnum.
Is there any way of telling how long the laburnum plant has been known?
MRS. E. E. V.
There is no means of saying how long it has been "known," but the date of the first allusion to it in plant books or general literature is stated by the herbals as 1576. The habitat then was Hungary.

Open-Air Schools.
Please tell me how to get information about the open-air schools in Richmond.
MISS G.
There is no one, so far as we know, except belonging to the newer buildings of the public schools of the city. Such information as you desire about them may be obtained from Dr. J. A. C. Chandler's office, 805 East Marshall Street, Richmond.

If his armies should come forth victorious. That would spell world conquest, and God has thus far denied world conquest alike in nations and men. The law of force against force will determine this, the greater against the less, however, superior in equipment and fighting quality the less may be. But, beyond this, and back of it, stands that mysterious power we call Providence, that struck down Napoleon at the moment of triumph—called the very elements of nature into the field of arms—will equally strike down the impious being who goes to battle claiming partnership with God. On the other side appears a little remnant of Christianity; on the other autonomy and Satan, relying upon the weapons and the fires of hell.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

War News Fifty Years Ago

From the Richmond Dispatch, Dec. 11, 1864.)

The snow continues to fall in Richmond and on all of the military lines fronting Richmond, and snow has a tendency to suspend military operations (today) the weather being so. An attack by the Federals on the Confederate lines was confidently expected yesterday, but the interdict of Old Winter was effectual, and probably will be again to-day.

It is true that the enemy crossed a small force of infantry to the south side of the James a few days ago. They crossed at Cox's Landing, near the mouth of the Dutch Gap canal and below Battery Simms, but they got no further. They are upon the neck of the low grounds where they can do nothing and certainly cannot advance. General Pickett is closely watching them. He realizes that there can be no good to hold this position with our forces, except to keep the enemy in check should their purpose be to make a hurried advance on Richmond.

There is no truth in the report that the enemy had crossed the James River at a point higher up than Dutch Gap.

The latest information from Petersburg is to the effect that the force sent by General Grant towards Weldon, consisting of an entire army corps, there is no reason why every man of them should not be killed or captured before they get fifty miles from Petersburg.

The latest news from Georgia is several days late. It tells that Sherman's marching army is now not over 20,000 strong, counting muskets as strength. At last accounts these men were on the east side of the Ogeechee River, and were marching slowly, making less than eighteen miles per day.

The latest information is that former information to the effect that Sheridan had joined Grant is untrue. Sheridan, with the most of his army is still in the Valley, and Early proposes to keep them there. It may be that some of Sheridan's troops have been sent to Grant. So much the better for Early.

The Washington Chronicle, a copy of which is just to hand, says: "Harding, the man who, in England, recently married Belle Boyd, the famous female Confederate spy, was caught the other day at Martinsburg, Va., and is now incarcerated in the Old Capitol Prison. He says that since he married Belle Boyd in England she has been discarded by the Confederate sympathizers in this country, and he has instructed her to have nothing further to do with the Confederate cause." Harding explains his trip to Martinsburg by saying he went there to bring away Marie Boyd, his young sister-in-law.

Snow is on the ground and more of it coming; the soldiers are fighting in a blizzard on the front; Christmas goods are scarce, and money is scarce, and Santa Claus is tabooed, but all the same the theatres and all of the places of amusement are open, and one of them advertises itself as being the "Caravan of CAROL" a very serious time in which to have a carnival of fun.

Sam Clarke, a hard-up Confederate soldier, was arraigned in the Magistrate's Court yesterday morning, charged with stealing a hog from the Soldiers and Sailors Society. He was fined \$500. Clarke quietly and composedly confessed his guilt, saying he was hard up and had to raise the wind in some way to feed his family while he was on the front. He said he had sold the hog to the market, for \$300. To keep the record straight, Clarke was sent on to the grand jury, but no bond was required, and this will be the last of the case. A Confederate soldier who takes a hog to feed his family while he fights need have no fear.

The Voice of the People

Work of Confederate Museum.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—As president of the Confederate Memorial Association, I am deeply interested in all matters pertaining to the Confederacy. The article in the Sunday issue of the Richmond Times-Dispatch of November 22d, entitled, "The Work of the Confederate Museum," is certainly a most admirable article, and one that will greatly enlighten many of our young people who probably do not know that the Confederate Museum exists.

It is most important that this museum be endowed in this generation, and if more of our newspapers would do us the honor to describe the work as well and interestingly as The Times-Dispatch has done, public interest might be sufficiently aroused to push the endowment forward to completion.

Please allow me to extend to you my personal, as well as my official, thanks and appreciation.

Yours very truly,
F. L. ANDERSON.

Richmond, December 7, 1914.

Wants a Good Fellow Club.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—The splendid response of Richmond to the call for help for the stricken Belgians, and the public for the needy in this city, is worthy of the highest praise. It is such a credit to the city that the public will justify the reputation of Richmond for its generosity, albeit the burden is heavy. There is wanting at this time a co-operation of all who can do so in order that the help provided for the needy may reach as many as possible. To accomplish this, a Good Fellow Club should be formed, as in many other cities.

It is obvious that a few hundred men, so organized, from every part of Greater Richmond, could be of great value in the various dispensers of food, wood, coal and clothing. As an instance, the writer knows of one family in South Richmond that needs, and must have, help. It is a reflection on the many church societies to say that they cannot cope with the overwhelming demands that are certain to be made upon them this winter. A band of good fellows can, however, make it possible to reach the maximum of sufferers, which is so much to be desired.

May I not suggest a public meeting as soon as possible to organize Good Fellows? Will not some one suggest the time and place through The Times-Dispatch? ANXIOUS.

Richmond, December 10, 1914.

Queries and Answers

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WHEN THE DRUMMER COMES

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



—From the Detroit Tribune

EX-CONFEDERATE WRITES OF WAR

Two interesting letters, treating of the war from an ex-Confederate's point of view, were widely separated parts of the world and by persons of contrasting temperaments, have been received by a Richmond woman. One is from a former Confederate soldier, the other from a woman in one of Britain's distant colonies.

Captain Edgar J. Franklin, who fought for the Confederacy in the War Between the States, writing from London on October 12, says:

"Pray accept, on behalf of the allies and your sincere friend, the warmest thanks for your and your dear countrymen and countrywomen's sympathy with us in this dreadful war brought on us by the Huns. No doubt your papers are keeping you well posted as to what is going on on the Continent, and able to laughingly scoff at some of the verses, it is only a question of time to bring the mad butcher of Berlin to his senses. Earl Roberts warned the nation and did all in his power to make of our fighting men a body of men of the highest caliber, and by means of a short obligatory military service, an army able to resist the enemy—superior in heavy siege guns able to launch high-flying shells which will be a terror to the enemy."

"At the beginning of our declaration of war, the Germans were within fifteen to twenty miles of Paris, to-day they are 150 miles away, driven from that beautiful city, and with the assistance of a kind Providence we shall leave no stone unturned, to drive them out of Belgium to where they came from."

"Poor Belgium! What a noble and heroic resistance she offered! We owe her a debt that we shall never be able to pay. I gave what I could in cash to both French and Belgian refugees, and have spent many an evening with them at the Dulwich baths, where thirty beds were prepared for wounded men, and which had been taken over by means of a short obligatory military service, an army able to resist the enemy—superior in heavy siege guns able to launch high-flying shells which will be a terror to the enemy."

"I offered my services to our War Office, believing that notwithstanding my second youth, I would be able to render good service, owing to my knowledge of staff duty and the theatre of the war, which I had studied over for so many years, and the number of languages acquired thereby, but I received no answer. Probably I was considered too young."

"I feel my importance on reading of certain strategic movements discussed by our papers, but which only a Lee or Stonewall Jackson could possibly risk, remembering that I was a member of the Confederate army that fought so gallantly for State rights. This war is also a question of life and death. We must conquer to avoid German militarism and a fiendish despot. If we fail I shall lose all confidence in a God."

"Of course, every business suffers, but never mind that. We can only drive the hordes back. The battle now going on in France reminds me very much of that heroic struggle of your noble Robert E. Lee with Grant, and which the former had to abandon from sheer exhaustion. We must conquer or die, and the allies being of one mind to get rid of Europe's menace, which has been hanging over our heads like the Damoclean sword, I do hope and trust to be with you in May (June) next, when my Confederate comrades will meet in the capital of the honored, but harshly dealt Confederacy."

From Far New Zealand.
Mrs. Bessie Whiteley, Christchurch, New Zealand, writes on November 1, 1914, to her correspondent here, as follows:

"We are living in a most sad and dreadful time, this cruel war, the most awful the world has ever known. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those on the battlefield, and for the brave Belgians. We are going to win, but I feel that the old motherland. It is a grim and silent war this. We must not breathe a word as to our own brave lads, the brave and pick of New Zealand, such as straight, clear-skinned lads. Our hearts are bleeding for those